BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

No. 6.] SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1816. [Vol. 1.

"BORN TO NO MASTER, OF NO SECT ARE WE."

REVIEW.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A new system of Mythology, in two vols; giving a full account of the Idolatry of the Pagan World; illustrated by Analytical tables, and 50 elegant Copperplate Engravings, representing more than 200 subjects, in a third volume, particularly adapted to the capacity of junior students—Compiled, digested and arranged by Robert Mayo, M. D. Author of a View of Ancient Geography and History. Philadelphia, 1815—one volume published.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

"The *sacred fire*, preserved by almost every nation of the world, as I shall shew in the article of *Vesta*, was also the object of the superstitious worship of the Americans. The nations most adjoining to Asia, have *temples*, where the *sacred fire* is carefully preserved; and these *temples* are mostly built in a round form, as were those of *Vesta*. In Louisiana, the Natches had one of them, where a guard watched continually for the *preservation of the fire*, which is never suffered to go out. Every body knows how famous those *vestales* were under the reign of the *Yncas*; but what appeared very surprising, was those companies of *virgins* set apart for the service of the *Sun*, whose laws were even more severe than those of the Roman *vestals*; and the punishments, when they broke their vows, precisely the same, since they were *buried alive*. They who had debauched them were punished with far more rigour than at Rome, since the punishment extended not only to the whole family, but even to the place where they were born; its whole inhabitants were utterly extirpated, nor did they leave so much as one stone in it upon another. The *sacred fire* was equally revered in Mexico, and committed to the care of *vestals*, who led a very regular life; and if the savages of this vast continent had not all of them temples to maintain it there, the halls of their counsel, made much after the fashion of the *Prytanea* of the Greeks, were employed for this use, chiefly among the Iroquois and the Hurons.

"Would it have been consistent with the corruption of the human heart, not to place upon the altars, every thing that soothed vice and irregularity of manners? The custom of sacrificing upon high places, a custom so ancient, and whereof the prophets so often accuse the idolatrous nations, was likewise known among the Americans. To be convinced of this, we need only read the relations of Rochefort, in the place where he speaks of the mountain *Olaimi*, upon which the Apalachites, a people of Florida, offer sacrifices yearly to the *Sun*, in a *cavern* which serves for a *temple* to this divinity.—The sacrifices of these savages were at first very simple, as they were among the *primitive Idolaters* of the old world; and this simplicity still remains among some of their nations, where they content themselves with offering up to the Gods, the fruits of the earth, or with making libations to them of water; others hang upon trees or pillars the skins of the beasts they have slain in hunting; there are of them, who throw some leaves of *tobacco* into the fire, in honour of the *Sun*, and into the rivers and streams to appease the *Genii* that preside over them. Those of the Caribbee islands offer up the *cassave* and the *ouicou*, that is, their *bread* and their *drink*, to the Gods who are the guardians of these plants, as the Greeks and the other nations offered their sacrifices to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*. What though the names of those Gods are not the same in either continent, the *ideas* are still the same, and it is precisely the same kind of *idolatry!* But with these savages, as with other nations, these ancient manners not having always subsisted in that primitive simplicity, which is the characteristic of the first ages of the world; they, like the Pagans of the old continent, carried superstition to the length of sacrificing *human victims*. The sacrifices of this sort were in use especially in Mexico; and though they were less known among the other savages, yet there were of them however, who, at certain seasons of the year, offered their children to the Gods, who watched over the fruits of the earth. The relation of Le Moyne informs us, that in Florida the Aborigines looked upon the *Sun* as the father of their chiefs; offered up to that luminary, their great Divinity, their children in sacrifice; as the Canaanites sacrificed them to their *Moloch*, who was likewise the *Sun*, only with this difference in the ceremony, that the latter burned them in a furnace, which was contrived within their *Idol*, as I shall shew in speaking of that God; whereas the former knocked them on the head, in the midst of an assembly of the people, and in the *presence of the Chief*, who himself represented the God, who was believed to be his father.—The sacrifices in the new World, as in the Old, were accompanied with *instruments*, with *dances*, and with all the marks of public *rejoicing*;—but I will not carry this parallel any farther, which would oblige me to copy the work which I have cited, where the learned author desends to a very particular detail.—What I have said is sufficient to shew, that the mind of man, left merely to its own light, is carried out to nothing but error and delusion; and that in spite of the refinement of the best regulated nations, their sentiments have been pretty much the same all the world over, where they wanted the knowledge of the true religion.

"In fine, there are few countries, where much the same fables have not been found; every where ideas of *things* no where found in nature; an extraordinary *race of men*, who called themselves the sons of Heaven, or of the stars, or of the rivers, &c. every where *cheats*, who wanted to carry on imposture, by the story of a singular and extraordinary birth. The Egyptians and the Phenicians, from whom the Greeks and Romans derived their fables, are not the only people who have invented them: there are some that bear a resemblance to theirs, to be found among nations, that cannot be suspected of having borrowed from them. *Kaisouven* boasted that he was born of a *river-God*, the more easily to delude the people of Corea by the dazzling idea of this imaginary birth. The Coreans must needs have attributed Divinity to the *rivers* and *mountains*, like the Greeks and Romans, since upon their becoming tributary to China, the emperor confirmed their king in the privilege he enjoyed of sacrificing alone to the *rivers* and *mountains*. The origin of one nation of the eastern Tartars, named Kao-Kiuli, of the race of the *Fou-Ya*, bears a considerable resemblance, in respect to the fables with which it is intermixed, to our fictions in the western world; and the Roman history, notwithstanding its being so grave and serious, presents us with notions near akin to what I am going to relate of the former.—The prince of the Kao-Kiuli had in his dominions a daughter of the God *Hohang-Ho*, whom he kept shut up in a prison. One day as she was struck with the reflections of the *Sun-beams*, she conceived; and she brought forth an *egg* which they broke, and in it they found a *male child*. When he was grown up, they gave him the name of *Tchu-Mong*, which imports *a good pilot*. The king of the country, who took a liking to him, one day carried him out to hunt, and seeing his address, became jealous of him, which *Tchu-Mong* perceiving, fled from him; and being ready to fall into the hands of those who pursued him, at the passage of a river, he addressed his prayer to the *Sun*, his father; then the *fishes* of the river raising up to the surface of the water, supplied him with a *bridge*, on which he crossed over.—What is there in this more extravagant, than in the fables of *Perseus*' birth, and that of *Leda*'s children? If we know nations that sacrificed their *children* to their false Deities, and if the Greeks offered up *Iphigenia* to procure a favourable wind; are we not told by Du Halde of most the ancient histories, wherein we may read of islanders in the eastern sea, who, during the seventh Moon of every year, used solemnly to *drown a young virgin?* If the Romans fabled that their *Janus* had two, nay four faces, as is to be seen upon ancient monuments, have not the Indians their idol *Menipus*, who has many heads of different shapes? Does it not pass current among the same Indians, that there is a country where men have two visages; that withal, they are extremely wild and untractable; that they speak no language, and suffer themselves to die for hunger, when they are taken: they add, that they had taken one of them clad in linen, who rose out of the sea; a story not much unlike that of *Oannes*, which we have mentioned above. If the Egyptians, and after them Pythagoras, taught the *Metempsychosis*; is not the same doctrine spread over all the Indies, and is it not the foundation of the idolatry of *Foe?* which is so far true, that the *great Lama*, who calls himself a living *Foe*, gives it out, that he has been born several times, and that he shall be born again; insomuch that when he dies, they make diligent search for the child whose figure he reassumes, that they may substitute him in his room; and though it is easy to see that this is a child, he has artfully contrived to succeed him, the mystery whereof is well known to the other *Lamas*, his confidants, yet this farce has been acted for several ages, without being suspected by the people. We shall remark, when we are upon the origin of the fables, that numbers of them had been introduced by means of a gross kind of philosophy; perhaps there never was one in Greece of so extraordinary a nature as was that of the Chinese philosophers, with relation to the *ebbing and flowing of the Sea*. A princess, said they, had an hundred children, fifty of them dwelt along the *Sea-shore*, and the other fifty in the *mountains*; hence came two great nations, who are often at war together; when the inhabitants of the *shores* get the better of those in the *mountains*, and put them to flight, the *sea flows*; when they are repulsed by them, and fly from the *mountains* towards the *shores*, the *Sea ebbs*. This manner of philosophizing, says M. Fontenelle, is not unlike the *metamorphoses* of Ovid; so true it is, that the same ignorance has produced the same effects in every nation.—Such are the *Cosmogonies* and *Theogonies* of the most ancient nations. Others whose religion and fables are considered in the sequel of this work, though sunk in an abyss of the grossest *idolatry*, yet had not a genius philosophical enough to form any conceptions about the *formation of the world*, or the *origin of the Gods*, whom they contented themselves to worship, according to the tradition of their country."

We regret that our limits do not permit us to speak more at large on the plan and execution of this judicious compilation. It only remains for us to recommend the work to those, who are desirous of renewing the impressions of forgotten classical researches, and to all those who are ambitious of obtaining a sufficiently copious knowledge of the amusing, as well as instructive theological fables of pagan antiquity.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

WHITE'S "LETTERS ON ENGLAND."

It is a circumstance much to be regretted, and deserving of reprehension, that when an ingenious author attempts to contribute to our amusement, information or instruction, his production should be made the subject of ridicule, and his abilities and views unjustly perverted and censured.

These remarks drawn from one, who is unaccustomed to obtrude on the public, will be found warranted by resorting to numbers 2 and 3 of your Weekly Magazine. Whether from vanity or other more unworthy motive, a writer has undertaken to animadvert on "White's Letters on England," and to bestow on the author such unbecoming epithets, as to induce a suspicion, that some personal collision may have occasioned the effusion of a malign or envious spirit. It will not comport with my views and intentions, critically to examine the merit of "White's Letters," but justice and due respect require, that some reply should be made to the illiberal attack, which an anonymous writer has seen fit to commence.

The author of those letters was formerly a medical practitioner of high reputation in the state of Georgia, and is now one of the most respectable mercantile characters in the city of Savannah. His hospitality, urbanity and friendly civilities, have been experienced and gratefully acknowledged by numerous individuals from New-England, who have visited that city. The able pen of Mr. White has on former occasions arrested a considerable share of attention, and the interesting production now in question will receive from the ingenuous and candid reader, a character altogether different from that which the reviewer has attempted to exhibit. Having derived much pleasure and satisfaction from a perusal of this work, I make no hesitation in asserting, that its pages are replete with *intelligence, with the pure principles of moral rectitude, refinement of sentiment, and correct observation.* His attainments in literature and science, his descriptive talents, and his judicious observations, relative to the great manufacturing establishments which he visited, their astonishing influence in corrupting the morals of society, together with his correct recollection of historical events, and the characters of men, all conspire to proclaim his qualifications as a tourist and author of no common stamp. Instead therefore, of selecting a few detached sentences, I prefer to rest the merit of the production with those, who shall bestow an impartial perusal of the whole in proper connection. This course is justly due to the author, and will more successfully plead his vindication than any effort of

The Author's Friend.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE THINKER.....*No. II.*

Indulging in the cogitative habit, to which I alluded in my first number, my thoughts at length *ran ashore* upon the cape of *Matrimony*, in whose delightful regions, man, united to

....."*the maid who is lovely to soul and to eye,*"

may enjoy all that felicity which the poet's fancy has often essayed to paint, but which is shunned by too many as the fearful rock of Scylla, or the equally dangerous whirlpool of Charybdis. Here, has my enraptured imagination wandered, until lost to this dull scene of *real existence*, I had almost forfeited my sober character, and established that of a wild enthusiast! and if I overrate its joys, oh let me still retain the pleasing delusion; let me never believe that woman has no share in rendering life happy, or divesting the burdened soul of its load of cares. The heart is large, and must have objects on which to rest its affections. No "single blessedness" was ever intended for social, intellectual man. A being whose affections are confined within his own bosom, has no laudable excitement to virtue, and must degenerate into sluggishness or inaction; or if his *selfishness* embraces some few surrounding objects, the sphere is circumscribed, and the motive detestable. Besides, *it is the duty of every man to marry.* He was called into existence to assist society, to exercise the power of doing good as far as his situation enables him, and to pledge himself to the country he inhabits, by uniting himself in the strongest bonds to its interest. Thus population is continued, enmities between man and man reconciled, his natural ferocity softened, his manners improved, his benevolence dilated, and all those endearing relations formed, which constitute the greatest share of happiness on earth.

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE REFLECTOR.....*No. I.*

In reviewing the history of past ages, we find many whose main object during life has been to leave a character which may impress the memory of future generations. For this purpose every method has been devised. It is amusing to observe their variety. Some have endeavoured to perpetuate their names by their philosophical erudition: They exhausted their life in research, and died with the gloomy impression, that they should one day be forgotten. We perceive many attempting to accomplish the same darling object, by their humane, philanthropic disposition; they will sacrifice every thing for the sake of benevolence and esteem. Wealth likewise must come forward for its share of votaries. To the shrine of Plutus, thousands have bowed; at his altar millions have presented their choicest offerings, and all for the sake of future and present fame. But after all, observation teaches us that such methods are fruitless. The surest, the easiest, the most speedy method of perpetuating the name, is to impress upon it the indelible characters of pure virtue, to afford it the support of an untarnished character. Suppose an industrious peasant to possess a moderate, respectable income; his property will not suffer him to transgress the limits of strict economy, he sensibly feels the first entrance into a luxurious climate, and thinks himself secure, only while he respects the bounds of strict prudence. Yet his virtues are pre-eminent, his character is unsullied by vicious practices, his life exhibits a succession of the first virtues, and his mind is as pure as the Alpine snows. We next suppose the wealthy monarch of the east, who commands the mines of Mexico, and whose power is as unlimited as his wishes. He calls, and thousands bend to answer. At his nod empires tremble, but his name is the meteor rather than the planet, he blazes for a moment, but the succeeding darkness is deeper for the preceding flash. Thus we see the real character, rather than worldly possessions, constitute the name. What then does cool reason dictate as it respects the establishment of a reputation? What is the voice of experience? What does she answer, when asked the best method to produce in the minds of posterity a favourable impression of a person's character? Undoubtedly, the most secure means are the most praiseworthy practices, the safest course the most honourable. To what else shall we attribute the lasting fame of Aristides, whose noble disposition and brilliant virtues obtained him the surname of Just? To what other cause than the want of virtue, shall we refer the detestable shades, which stamp the names of many cruel tyrants of ancient times, whose lives exhibit a scene of vice and folly which are melancholy proofs of the fatal enchantments of vice? To what else, the ignominy which blots from the book of fame, the names of those military and political geniuses, who might have raised themselves to the pinnacle of her temple? Let us then who have yet a name to form, endeavour to secure to ourselves its perpetuity, by the practice of virtue. Let every action of our lives tend to this object. Let it be our grand wish to give posterity the impression, that our lives were virtuous, though they were not splendid. That though our names were not ornamented with the embellishments of rank, they were not defaced by practices of vice; that though we cannot boast of having been loaded with treasure, we can exult in a free, unburdened conscience. Let the attainment of a virtuous character be our first object, and our practice display to the world that our main, our only wish, is an honest, a virtuous fame.

Madame De Stael-Holstein, speaking of Latin literature observes, "The history of Sallust, the letters of Brutus and the works of Cicero are recalled most powerfully to mind; we feel the strength of mind through the beauty of style; we discover the man in the author; the nation in the man, and the *universe* at the feet of the nation."

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THE SIMILE.

The silvery locks of the hermit floated loosely on the wind as he reclined pensively against a tree whose waving branches overshadowed the entrance of his humble cell. His eye was raised in mild devotion to Heaven, but his heart rested on the children of men: he was interceding for the sons of affliction. A noise at a short distance disturbed his devotion. He arose, and folding his arms, walked thoughtfully to an outlet in the forest, from whence he could view the road.

He listened; a deep sigh mingling with the blast, met his ear. Softly he ascended an opposite bank that bounded an impetuous torrent; seated on a rock whose craggy cliffs overhung the stream, he beheld clad in a garb of wretchedness, a youth of about a dozen years old. The autumnal blast played wildly in his jetty ringlets; dejection sat upon his brow—his full dark eye rested on the roaring torrent, and his tears fell fast in the stream, but the waves rolled proudly over, and obliterated the pearly drops; they were lost amid the foaming billows.

A magnificent carriage now rolled along the road, and stopped within a few paces of the bank; the door was thrown open; a female, bending beneath the pomp of dress, descended and seated herself on the projecting part of a rock. The youth gazed for a moment at the splendour of the equipage, then sprang forward, and while a glow of crimson flushed his cheek, sunk upon his knee, and implored her charity. In haughty accents she bade the coachman drive the beggar away. The youth started, a deathlike paleness was succeeded by a still deeper glow; he rushed into the woods, and was out of sight in an instant. The hermit sighed deeply, and turned to follow him; he wandered through the thicket in vain; no trace of him was to be found, and the good old man returned despondently to his cell: But repose visited him not, the sorrow of the youth had sunk deep into his heart—and the next morning when the sun was just gilding the mountain tops, he wandered forth in search of the object of his solicitude. The youth was reclining on the edge of a small, but clear and gentle spring, his tears still flowed fast, and round each crystal drop, as it fell into the transparent stream, curled a trembling circle that agitated its fair bosom. He observed the impression, and watched each as they gradually swelled and disappeared; he was amused with the sight, and his tears ceased to flow.

The hermit, (who had been closely observing him,) now spoke. Son, said he, receive instruction from what thou hast now derived a momentary pleasure. Yesterday, seated by the side of an impetuous torrent, thou didst indulge thy grief. Thy tears fell unheeded, amidst the rolling waves, they made no impression on the briny billow; dazzled by the splendour of a gaudy equipage, thou uttered'st thy complaint and implored charity from a daughter of affluence, but gold and pride, unhappily connected in this instance, had rendered her heart as unsusceptible to the feelings of humanity as were the dashing waters of thy tears.

In this small spring, each drop as it falls, gently trembles on its surface, and agitates with innumerable circles its gentle bosom. So can thy sorrows touch a heart that is not swelled like the proud torrent, with luxurious abundance.

The youth lifted his eyes and read in the warm glance of the hermit benevolence and affection; he followed him to his cell, related his simple tale, and received that assistance which he had before seen unkindly refused by one rolling in wealth and magnificence. Mona.

UNWILLINGNESS OF MANKIND TO BELIEVE THEMSELVES OLD.

My form a'nt! has long forgot to please,
The days of beauty and delight are o'er.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

This bitter confession proceeded from the sex peculiarly framed to pride itself in beauty of form. But acknowledgment of age is unpalatable even to man. This aversion is usually imputed to vanity, yet it does not always proceed from vanity, but often from want of consciousness. The mind does not grow old by equal steps with the body. The span of life is so short, that to strong memory and lively imagination, every part of it may be said to be present. The spirits of infancy, and the animated scenes of youth seem but of yesterday. The person who is now shoved off the stage, has in fresh remembrance his being considered as a child—recollects himself repressed and neglected by the senior part of the company, and cannot believe, that in a space to him apparently so short, he can have occupied the place of those who dispised his youth; his spirits perhaps are good—

his health not impaired, his soul is young, and he will not credit the decay of the body. Much stronger must the deception be with the softer sex, whose reign of fashion and admiration seldom exceeds the trifling period of ten years at most. The passage is too short, the voyage too pleasant, to let them listen to the pilot time, announcing that the gale of adulation has ceased to blow, and that the tide of pleasure and admiration has subsided.

CREDULITY.

I AM not much surprised to find credulity often the lot of the greatest men, perhaps more often than of those of an inferior cast. The man who has seen and read much, has seen or read much that is wonderful.—The more he knows, the more he is sensible of his own comparative ignorance, when his knowledge is compared with the vast extent of things. Hence when told any thing not impossible, or involving a contradiction, by a grave and serious witness, he is apt to believe it, when a man of less information would disbelieve it, whether true or false, merely because it was wonderful. Hence it is, that no men are better subjects than the learned for that species of wit, in some periods called humbug, in others quizzing; but which a pleasant friend of mine better described by a periphrasis: *A quizzer, said he, is a man who thinks me a damn'd fool, because I do not think him a damn'd liar.*

AMUSEMENT.

IT is a custom to bind a thread on one's finger for the sake of remembering any thing. This is a very ancient practice; for we read, Deuteronomy, vi. 8, "and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

It has been supposed that the mode of salutation by taking off the hat, is a remnant of ancient chivalry. The knights in passing each other, would raise the vizors of their helmets, which so completely covered their faces, that otherwise they would remain unknown to each other.

The English parliament have it seems, a long time since, imposed a duty on coffee, and the statute requires, that coffee should be ground before it is offered for sale. This has led to much fraud and imposition in the seller, who can now without much hazard of detection, spoil the coffee by a mixture of other ingredients. The author of Espriella's Letters, in noticing this circumstance, speaks perfectly in the style and manner of Goldsmith: *"Besides, an act of parliament has been passed, prohibiting the English from drinking good coffee."*

The following anecdote is reported of Dr. Johnson: That once dining in company with John Wilkes, he declared himself inaccesible to flattery. Wilkes said he would put him to the proof. He praised his Rambler and his Idler, and admired them both, as models of style and wisdom. The Dr. was surly and unmoved. He plied him on that string without effect, for some time; at length he observed, Sir, you are the only person of my acquaintance, that can hear his own penegyrics without emotion. The relaxation of the Doctor's muscles testified his pleasure.—There I have you, says Wilkes, triumphantly, you are open to flattery.

Cumberland has accurately described the blunders of the Irish; they result not from a poverty, but from an affluence of ideas. Their ardour allows them no leisure to cull and select. This is evident from another consideration—that in many instances, their meaning overreaches their words, and we commit *bulls* by denominating them such; of this class is the following: The chancellor of the exchequer is reported to have said in debate some years since, that the tax on leather would be severely felt by the *bare-footed peasantry of Ireland.* Undoubtedly it would, because it would raise the price of leather, and compel them *to remain bare-footed.* He is further reported to have said, that the Irish would, in the present war, spend the last guinea of their property, to preserve *the remainder.* Very well, and there may be a remnant of property *not amounting to the value of a guinea, which they might wish still to preserve.*

It may be a matter not too insignificant for inquiry, whence did the expression Bulls originate? Might it not have been from the bulls of St. Peter, after the establishment of protestantism in England, when the thunders of the vatican were treated with contempt?

A Frenchman being generally gay, thinks you are not so happy as he, and says flattering or pleasing things to console you. An Englishman being often melancholy, imagines that you are happier than he, and will sometimes say vexatious things, in order to reduce you to his level.

Montesquieu was fond of reading the Arabian Nights, as a complete relaxation from serious studies. An eminent oriental scholar at Paris, expressed to me his surprise at the favour shown to that work in England, not reflecting, that after the produetions of Shakspeare, it is the most original and creative work in the whole circle of literature.

A genius, forward and early ripe, seldom in the end, answers expectation. Virgil has observed the same thing of land, which throws forth corn too strong at first:

Ah! nimium ne sit mihi fertilis illa,
Neu se prævalidam primis ostendat aristis.

That *Bell's* an *angel* all confess;
An angel I agree her;
That she's a *devil* is prov'd by this,
She *tempts all men* who see her.
No wonder then our hearts we find
Subdued, do all we can;
Since heaven and hell are both combin'd
Against poor mortal man.

That Paul's a good doctor, in spite of your gibes,
My friend, I shall ever maintain;
For we know all the patients for whom he prescribes,
He quickly puts out of their pain.

ANECDOTES OF PIRON THE FRENCH POET.

IN Burgundy the inhabitants of Beaune were called the Asses of Beaune. Piron often indulged his satirical disposition at their expense. One day as he was walking in the neighbourhood of that city he diverted himself with cutting down all the thistles which he met with. When a friend asked him his reason for doing so, he replied, "J'ai a me plaindre des Beaunois; je leur coupe les vivres." I am sorry indeed for the Beaunians, for I am cutting down their food.

Going one day into a theatre where a play was acting, he asked what it was? "The Cheats of Scapin," gravely replied a young Beaunian. "Ah! sir, (says Piron,) I took it to be the cheats of Orestes."

In the time of the play, somebody addressed the company with, "Silence there, Gentlemen, we don't hear." "It is not at least (cried Piron) for want of ears."

Voltaire's Semiramis did not meet with a very favourable reception the first time it was acted. The author finding Piron behind the scenes asked him what he thought of his performance? "I think (replied he) you would have been pleased that I had been the author of it."

Piron's mischievous ingenuity was partly the cause which excluded him from the French Academy.—"I could not (said he) make thirty-nine people think as I do, and I could still less think as thirty-nine do." He prepared for himself the following Epitaph, in the way of an Epigram:

Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas meme academicien.
"Here lies Piron, who was nothing,
Not even an academician."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1816.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

FOREIGN.

THE latest accounts from Peru state, that the patriot army was daily augmenting, and occupied Santa Cruz, Cochambama and Formana. The royalist forces occupied Potosi. Gen. St. Martin, at the head of a patriot army of 4000, was at Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes, waiting for a favourable season to march across the Codilleras, to attack Santiago, the capital of Chili.

A disposition has again been manifested, among the slaves at Barbadoes, of insubordination; many of the insurgents have been apprehended. Trials and executions are daily occurring.

The British barque Harlequin has arrived at New-York, from Liverpool, in 28 days, from whence she sailed on the 14th October; no political news is received by her. The Saturday preced ng the Monday on which she sailed, not one of her masts was standing. The New-York Gazette presumes that her despatch will be accounted for, by a rise in the price of grain and flour.

DOMESTIC.

The Legislature of this Commonwealth convened at the State House in this town on Wednesday last, and the two houses in convention were met by the governour at half past 12 o'clock. After some remarks upon the special object of the session, the choice of electors, and upon the subject of the Separation of Maine, which will claim their attention, he informed the legislature that in conformity with the advice of the Council, he had deferred the appointment of an agent to present the claims of the Commonwealth on the general government, because the head of the treasury department had already decided that the claims of the state cannot be allowed until some Legislative provision is first made; he stated that he had received from the Ordnance department of the United States information that the Commonwealth's quota of arms and equipments are ready for delivery—that he had seen, during the past autumn, many regiments and brigades of the militia of the state, and had found them in good condition—and that he had been informed by Mr. Monroe that some lands on Moose Island belonging to citizens of this state, of which they had been deprived by the government of Canada, had been given up to the owners. *D. Adv.*

On Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, the two houses convened, and made choice of twenty-two federal Electors of President.

The election of Mr. Monroe to the Presidency is considered as certain.

Rumour. Letters from the southward mention the determination of the Russian Minister, (M. Daschkoff,) to leave the country, having notified the government, that his functions have ceased. This proceeding, it is said, has resulted from the issue of a correspondence, on the subject of the arrest of the Russian Consul General, (M. Kolsoff) in Philadelphia, on a criminal charge; the Minister denies the liability of the Consul to the American laws, and has demanded an apology, which has not been given.

The Indian lands lately ceded to the United States, by Gen. Jackson's treaty, are represented as being the most valuable in any part of the United States; they are mostly the finest cotton lands.

The trial of Ann Carson, for a conspiracy against Gov. Snyder, has closed, and she is acquitted.

The famous Robber, (Abellino,) in New-York, with a companion, has been detected.

The Proprietors of the Eastern Line of Stages have made a donation of $77 to the Female Asylum of Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth, a sum arising from the sale, after due advertisement, of baggage left in their hands by persons unknown.

THEATRE.—Mr. Cooper is engaged for three weeks. On Monday evening, *Hamlet* and *Fortune's Frolics.*

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Capt. Joseph Saunders to Miss Elizabeth M. Saunders—Mr. Josiah Gould to Miss Eunice N. Dow—Mr. Andrew Lindsey to Miss Phebe Freeman—Mr. Nathaniel H. Henchman to Miss Harriet P. Mears—Mr. Asahel Adams to Miss Hannah C. Jones—Mr. Calvin Bruce to Miss Lydia Greenleaf Williams—Capt. Paul Nye of Sandwich, to Miss Abigail Allen—Capt. Nathan Endicott, of Salem, to Miss Margaret Oliver Hicks—Mr. John Lane, to Miss Mary Ann Rhodes—Mr. Luther Felton, to Miss Lydia Russell.

At Malden, Mr. Joseph Andrews, of the U. S. navy, to Miss Pamela Wait.—At Bridgewater, Mr. Paul Revere, jun. to Miss Caroline Lazell.—At Lunenburg, Mr. Darius Boardman of this town, to Mrs. Nancy Barber. At Haverhill, Mr. Joseph H. Adams of Boston, to Miss Sarah B. White of Haverhill.

DEATHS.

In this town, Rebecca, youngest child of Mr. Saml. Bently, 2.—Ann Thayer, daughter of Saml. Stevenson, Esq. 3 years. Mrs. Abigail Waters, aged 96.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Avis, consort of deacon Nehemiah Munroe, aged 64

At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Susannah B. wife of Mr. Solomon Hancock, 34.

At Morrissania, (N. Y.) on the 6th inst. suddenly, Hon. Governeur Morris, in the 65th year of his age.

At the Havana, the celebrated Dr. Valli, who, at Constantinople, inoculated himself for the plague. He came to this country to ascertain whether the yellow fever was contagious; he took uncommon pains to expose himself to the infection; and unhappily caught the disease, and it proved fatal to him. He had been particular in his food, ate no meat, and little of any thing, but it did not prevent his having the disorder, nor its proving mortal.

POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE POETICAL MORALIST....*No. V.*

THE TRUANT.

As late I wand'red by the crowded school,
Where throng the num'rous sons of many a cit,
Till the press'd walls seem bursting from their bounds,
And the worn teacher's task, repeated oft,
And oft enlarg'd—beyond the labourer's toils,
Imprints the care-worn wrinkle on his brow:
The piercing cry of some poor hapless wight
Arrested my career. I linger'd by the door,
And heard the urchin, on the bended knee,
Cry loud for mercy—while the trickling tear
In briny streams, stray'd down and laved the feet
Of his offended master. Nor would he
Have sued in vain; but truant as he was,
Frequent the promises of reformation,
Had stay'd the hand of lenient justice.
And still should these prevail, for in the breast
Of him who executed his own sentence,
And reign'd the monarch of the buzzing crowd,
Humanity had fix'd her seraph throne;
Whence delighted she dispens'd her laws—
But precedent forbade; and the ferula
Suspended hung within the master's grasp,
Ready to fall in terrors on the wight.
And now awoke the painful struggle
In the good man's soul, between his duty
And sensibility's opposing power:
But justice must prevail,—fulfilled must be
The law. The wise man's truth still held,
Nor would he *spoil* to *spare the child.*
It fell! but rather would th' inflicting hand
Endure the stroke, than give another pain.
But vain had been his counsel and advice;
Vain the warnings of his friendly tongue;
For nought were heeded all the threatenings
Of wholesome laws against such wand'rings made.
And thus holds out the law divine to man,
Terms charitable, friendly, just and kind,
Replete with goodness to a rebel race.
And man is urged t' accept the proffer'd good.
If, of the gracious invitation heedless,
He still persist in tracing mis'ry's path,
Then be the fault his own—On him alone
Will fall the dreadful curse, which nothing
Can avert.

Think, parents, guardians, think! and ye who train
The youthful mind to virtue or to vice,
Consider well the tedious task of those
Who labour constant for your offspring's good—
And know, 'tis yours to render it pleasing
Or adverse: upon you it much depends
Whether the teacher lead with gentle hand,
Your children to the goal at which you aim,
Or by misrule at home, you give him cause
Of shame that he has yours beneath his care.
Second his efforts; let the precept flow
Frequent into your infants' tender minds,
Nor spare their ear the true, unwelcome sound,
That misery from disobedience flows.
Thus shall you plant the base so fair and strong,
The beauteous superstructure he will add,
Will catch th' admiring gaze of all around,
And make it a fit temple for that Pow'r
Who dwells on high amidst celestial stars.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENT.

As I walk'd on the banks of Charles' briny flood,
A boy I descry'd very pensive,
Approach'd to the place where he busily stood,
To learn if from this would result any good,
Conferring with youth inoffensive.

Respecting his age, I enquir'd, and his name,
(For this I conceiv'd no intrusion)
And why thus alone, to the river he came,
Which known to his parents, they'd certainly blame—
At which he seem'd wrapp'd in confusion.

"To catch little fishes, which play in the brook,"
He reply'd, and look'd up with a smile;
He reach'd me the rod, which from him I took,
When lo! there was neither a *bait* or a *hook!*
But it serv'd his young hours to beguile.

I immediately left him his time to employ,
Which I knew would be check'd by my stay;
Well pleas'd that a *moral* might flow from a boy,
Whose whole occupation was prattle and toy,
And pond'ring pursu'd my lone way.

Now reflecting on man, how many said I,
At this moment are wasting their time,
Nor regard the choice hours which speedily fly,
While they in embraces of idleness lie,
And exult in her charms so benign.

I've seen fellow mortals on follies await,
And angle for pleasure and joy;
They've toil'd all their days, both early and late,
Alas! like a novice without hook or bait,
And succeeded like this little boy.

SAM.

(SELECTED.)

THE following song, simple, pathetic, and even sublime, is pronounced by Mr. Coleridge to be the most exquisite performance in our language; it was written by Mr. Logan, a Scotch divine.

"*Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand.*"

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
Forever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding ring,
The wedding day was fixed tomorrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave—
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should ne'er again behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost—
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longings of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night;
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He sunk a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

FROM BLAND'S GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

The following effusion has all the gallantry of Waller, with none of his conceits; and all the warmth and poetry of Moore, with none of his indelicacy. The thoughts are borrowed with sufficient fidelity from the Greek, but the elegance and plantiveness breathed over the whole, belong exclusively to the translator.

MAIDEN PASSION.

Go, idle amorous boys,
What are your cares and joys,
To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?
A flame half hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best!

Haply you well may find
(Proud privilege of your kind)
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The dance, the chase, the play assuage your smart,

Whilst we, poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.

The following on OLD AGE is one of the few remaining fragments of the old Greek comedy. It is from a comedy of CRATES, an Athenian actor and comic poet, contemporary with *Aristophanes*. They were translated by *Cumberland*, who first published them in his OBSERVER, with high commendations upon them, as extremely beautiful in their turn of thought and expression, and as a short but touching picture of old age.

OLD AGE.

THESE shrivelled sinews and this bending frame,
The workmanship of time's strong hand proclaim;
Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straight;
Hard choice for man, to die—or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see.
Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last ling'ring day;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.

PHERECRATES, another comic poet of Athens, a favourite of *Alexander the Great*, and contemporary with *Crates*, thus expresses himself upon the same subject:

AGE is the heaviest burden man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain and care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

PLATO, another Athenian comic poet, is the reputed author of the following elegant lines upon the tomb of *Themistocles*. The thought in the last line has frequently made its appearance in modern compositions.

BY the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, *Themistocles*, shall stand;
By this directed, to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to apologise to "XYZ" for delaying so long the insertion of his *Remarks upon "Vindex;"* prior engagements having prevented their publication in our last.

No. 2, of the "*Fair Dealer*," upon *undervelling*, is received.

We hope for the future to be more regular in our *Theatricals*; the last were received too late for publication.

As the temporary interest excited by the subject upon which "X" animadverts, is now expiring, we hope he will exercise his pen upon topics more immediately interesting.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY TILESTON & PARMENTER,
Rogers'-Buildings.....Congress-street,
(Entrance Nos. 4 and 11.)
Price $2,50 per annum—half payable in advance.